



DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF WOMAN.

VOL. VII.]

RICHMOND, IND., JUNE 1, 1855.

[NO. 11.]

## THE LILY.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY, AT RICHMOND, IND.

Terms—Fifty Cents per annum in advance, or  
Seven Copies for Three Dollars.

All communications designed for the paper or on business, to be addressed to

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For the Lily.

### A Parody on Fanny Fern's Woman's Rights Song.

BY MRS. JANE FRODOCK.

TUNE—Woman's ght.

'Tis woman's right to found her claims on nature's righteous laws,

Her right to heir the legal gifts of nature's bounteous cause,  
Her right to claim just recompense, and labor's calls obey,  
But not her right to e'er submit to man's unequal pay.

CHORUS.

She has the will and power to fill her race with pure delight  
And should control her own free soul for this is woman's right.

'Tis woman's right to cultivate her every latent power,  
Her right, by Nature's God decreed to share an equal dower,  
Her right to live in wedded love by compacts justly made,  
But not her right to e'er submit to laws denied her aid.

CHORUS—She has the will, &c.

'Tis woman's right to bea self, a being pure and free,  
Her right to seek a higher life, a nobler destiny;  
Her right to heed the inward voice that duty's calls enrol,  
But not her right to e'er submit her mind to man's control.

CHORUS—She has the will, &c.

Mount Carroll, Ill., May 1855.

A SWEET VOICE—A sweet voice is indispensable to a woman. I do not think I describe it. It can be and sometimes is cultivated. It is not inconsistent with great vivacity, but is of gift of the gentle and unobtrusive. Loud rapidity is incompatible with it. It is low but not guttural, deliberate, but not slow. Every syllable is distinctly heard, but they follow each other like drops from a fountain. It is like the cooing of a dove, not shrill, nor even clear, but uttered with that subdued and touching *readiness*, which every voice assumes in moments of deep feeling or tenderness. It is a glorious gift in woman—I should be won by it more than beauty—more even than by talent, were it possible to separate them. But I never heard a deep sweet voice from a weak woman. It is the organ of strong feeling, and of thoughts which have lain in the bosom until their sacredness almost hushes utterance.—*Willis*.

Mrs. Sarah Gregor, late of Norwalk, has bequeathed \$3,000 to the Episcopal Church in that town, and \$15,000 to Trinity College, at Hartford. So says the *Norwalk Gazette*.

By a law recently passed in Michigan, a married woman may receive, buy, sell, devise, mortgage, &c., her real and personal property without the consent of her husband, and also sue and be sued without joining the husband in the suit in either case.

For the Lily.

### CLARA WAKEFIELD; Or, Pride Must Have a Fall.

BY MRS. ANN H. BULLA.

Clara was a very charming girl, with dark brown flashing eyes, wavy hair, and a tall graceful form. Though some years my senior, we were faithful, confidential friends. How many a pleasant ramble we have had through the woods gathering flowers, and along the rippling stream watching the sports of the tiny fish; and how often have the grand old woods re-echoed her merry laugh.

Clara, though possessing many good qualities, like all other created beings, had her faults. She was lofty minded, was proud, and aspired to something great, she scarcely knew what—something to be talked about. She wished to be far above the "common people." She often wounded the feelings of her kind old father, who was a plain man, by her frowns, and bitter, unjust complaints. She wished him to build a more costly mansion, to buy a finer carriage, and silk and satin was not rich enough for her; she wished to be far above others in every respect. If she saw a common looking person with a dress or bonnet like her own, hers was cast away never to be worn again. She treated with scorn and proud disdain, all those she deemed her inferiors—seemed to think that poor people were scarcely human beings, and of course were void of feeling.

Clara's pride was not of that kind, which makes one too dignified to enjoy a joke, or even laugh so as to be heard. Among those she thought her equals, she was always the gayest. In conversation she was lively and fluent—in manners soft and winning. For her beauty and grace, and her innate fascinations she was admired and flattered, had many suitors—all appeared to think that the honor of her company, her hand, and the handsome sum she would receive upon her bridal day, was something worthy to be gained.

Her father gently reminded her that she had better, perhaps, take her choice of one for life, and hoped she might hit upon the one that was also his, a young man of respectable family, moral character, and a pretty farm. She turned upon him a look of bitter contempt. Her lovely lips curled with scorn, and she replied that he would have none of them. She would never disgrace herself by becoming the wife of a low laboring man, forgetting that in former years her parents had often wiped the sweat of hard labor for the luxuries she now enjoyed. No, the worthy husband must be a lawyer, a doctor, or a merchant.

"Very well," says the generous father, "pride must have a fall. I fear for you, my daughter, more than for all our other children; you may yet shed scalding tears of repentance over your folly, and that you heeded not my advice."

Ah! yes, the right one came at last! He was the ideal perfection which Clara had pictured out in her romantic imagination. Tall, manly form, high, broad, intellectual forehead, with deep blue searching eyes, and hair and whiskers which would rival the midnight darkness, and proud as Lucifer.

Lawrence Clifton drove a fine horse and carriage, sported an elegant gold watch, and seem

to always have plenty of money; and how he thus maintained himself, was a mystery not easily solved, for his white, delicate hands showed no marks of labor.

Lawrence was not long in making his choice among the fair damsels of the town. He soon manifested his preference for the beautiful Clara. He appeared to particularly fancy her proud nature, so congenial to his own. And Clara was at once charmed with his fine appearance and witty vivacity. His tongue seemed to produce a constant flow of soft, sublime eloquence, so intensely fascinating to the young and easily flattered.

A few delightful months rolled away and Clara and Lawrence were engaged. Clara loved with all a woman's heart—she lavished upon an unworthy object all the warm affections of her ardent nature. Even her haughty pride seemed to be more submissive by the gentle influence of love.

All her friends remonstrated, and her kind father and tender mother plead in vain for her to desist—told her he was unprincipled and unworthy. But the same self-willed, firm decision of character which had ever been one of her greatest faults, was now exercised to its full extent. She regarded not their counsels; they fell like harsh, discordant sounds upon her ear, and penetrated not her soul.

And so Clara married her choice, and the wedding was what is called a "splendid affair." Clara moved to one of the cities in the north-eastern part of Ohio, and wrote back glowing letters of her beautiful home, of the wealth of her husband's people, and of the brilliant parties that had been given them. But Clara's father shook his head sorrowfully, and said he had not changed his mind—that he still feared for the future fate of Clara.

Ten years had passed with all its changes. How many laughing little girls had entered into blooming womanhood, and gay, thoughtless girls, upon the matron stage. And how many fond and cherished hopes had in that time been blasted—how many fair and lovely forms, with aspiring minds, and glowing thoughts of coming days, had been laid low—hands and lips pressed for the last time—and gray hairs bowed down to the dust in hopeless grief. Yes, ten long years had passed, and I chanced to be in the city where Clara resided. The thought struck me forcibly that I would call on Clara, my old dear friend. And then I wandered back to by-gone days, and loved scenes which I had never forgotten. And such is the forgetfulness of our changing nature, that I had not even thought of Clara for a long time. But the idea of seeing one that I had so loved, thrilled my bosom with extreme delight, and carried me back to other days. It seemed to be again in thoughtless, hopeful girlhood, with the beautiful Clara by my side, contemplating and picturing out future joys which come to few, when the pressure of a soft little hand, and a light quick step of a fair haired girl of some six summers, reminded me that I, too, had passed blooming youth, and was entering upon the road of gray locks and wrinkles, so dreaded by the young.

But Clara's residence was pointed out to me a low, small house, with but one comfortless looking room, and in the narrow



yard were no peeping flowers to welcome one's coming. I rapped at the door, and a low, mournful voice bade me come in.

Our meeting I will not describe, but it was soon over. She gave me her sad history. Her floor had no carpet, a few old chairs, a bed, one table, and a few other things constituted the comforts of the once proud and lofty minded Clara.

Ten years had indeed wrought a great change. The rosy bloom had faded from her cheek, the bright expression of her dark, flashing eyes had settled into a deep, sorrowful look—the graceful form was stooped, and her wavy hair, her white, high forehead was all that was left of the former loveliness of Clara.

But, alas! for human hopes! She told me her husband was a worthless spendthrift—that the money her father gave her to procure a home, was gone, that she had lost all her love for life, save for the three little ones that still claimed her tender care—that she had laid two fair children, with their little dimpled hands folded across their still breasts, in all their innocence and loveliness low in the cold earth, and that her heart was there with them. That her father and mother were dead, but worse than all was that which eat like a never-dying canker in her bosom, and had driven her almost to madness. She was jealous of her husband—him who had vowed before heaven to love and protect—who had taken her from her happy home, and squandered her property, now loved another. She did not even seek to find hope or consolation in religion.

"Talk to me not of religion," she said there is none, not at least now-a-days, nothing but empty formality. There is my husband's brother, who is a strict professor; he lives in splendor; he nor his wife have never been in our house since we became poor, nor would he own, for the world, among his aristocratic friends, that we are relatives. And here, next door to us, lives the Parson; they do not notice us, and my little daughter and theirs were playing the other day, and the little girl's mother caught her angrily by the arm, and bade her go home, saying, 'do you not know that I do not allow you to play with such poor children.' Professors ride past here in glittering carriages, and costly apparel, to church, and there loudly offer up their prayers, while the poor they leave to starve, and do not even look at them. Last spring, when I was sick, two religious women came once to see me, and brought healing, comforting words, they thought, I suppose, as they spoke of the awful condition of the unconverted, and the glories of religion; but they brought no bread to my hungry children. No, that was not their concern; they wished to benefit the soul—no difference how fared the body. I think it is impossible for me to be good. It is an easy thing for those that are surrounded with all the comforts of life, who never knew what it is to want for anything—who have little or nothing to try them, to be good. But to be deprived of almost every thing—to undergo constant trials and vexations, to have little ones begging for that which you cannot give them, harrows the very soul, and changes all feeling of love into a kind of hatred for the whole world.—But there sometimes comes over me a gentle feeling, and my heart seems to be filled with love, and the former kind words and advice of my father sounds in my ears like soft, sweet music, but so fearfully that I start, and my mind is again filled with darkness and gloom."

Poor Clara! with a sad heart I left her, after procuring her and her children some clothing, much as I found her, to struggle on with her poverty, in this world of plenty and tall steeples, but not without learning the lesson that how vain, how foolish is pride, and how often brought down; and that how many proud girls there are yet who, like Clara, may one day be glad of a little assistance, even from those they now look upon as their inferiors and despise.

The morning sun does not always send forth rays clear and bright, but the cloud of misfortune often overshadows and darkens the pathway of those of the fairest prospects, ere the noon of life. And, too, that how useless are fine churches and wealthy members to the poor and neglected. And how utterly incapable is the human mind of sustaining itself, of bearing crosses and vexations in-

cident to human life, when unaided, unsupported by true religion.

For The Lily.

### The Marriage Institution.

It is not surprising in this day of reforms that the marriage institution should undergo severe scrutiny. 'Twere folly to talk of woman's redemption from her present slavish position in society, without advocating some change here, for the marital laws are the ground work of very much of her abasement. That the wife's legal existence is merged in the husband is wrong, because this violates a God-ordained law of her being. Woman is a unit, not a fraction. She is, to all intents and purposes, an independent existence as much as man, all laws and customs to the contrary, notwithstanding, and she should be recognized as such by the civil law. To wrest from the wife the avails of her labor, and to secure it all in the legal right of the husband is wrong, because these laws violate a principle of natural justice—the laborer having an undeniable right to the rewards of his or her own industry. That their mutual children, ushered into the world by the mother, in much sorrow and suffering, are given in law to the father, is clearly wrong, because these laws violate a sacred higher law written by the finger of Deity in her maternal nature. All that is wrong in the marriage relation should be removed, but would that reform, or miscalled reform, might stop here.

There is a growing disposition in society to seek some change that shall cater to the vilest propensities of our natures, that recognizes no law but passion and self, that should be rebuked by public sentiment, and if need be, checked by the strong arm of the law. Innovations upon the marriage institution are contemplated, and sentiments thrust upon an unsuspecting reading public, under the guise of the sacred name of Liberty, and the rights of man, and are dangerous as vice always is, when arrayed in a stolen garb of purity.

First, the writings and public labors of Mr. and Mrs. Nichols, I class with these insidious and dangerous evils. Their views of marriage are causing much harm, and prejudicing, with an undying prejudice, many candid people against woman's rights, because these people intermingle their views upon this subject with arguments in favor of woman's enfranchisement. These advocates are destructionists, not true reformers. A true reformer seeks to purge good and wholesome institutions of all that is harmful and oppressive and selfish. But they, because of the wrong, would destroy the legal relation entirely, and throw no protection around marriage but the free will and inclination of the parties. Of all the changes that could befall society, there is none that could work such woe to woman as this—nothing could degrade woman more—nothing could make her a greater slave than to throw her thus helpless into the power of man. Nothing could more debase her moral nature—nothing could degrade her more in the eyes of men. And for the honor of the last flickering ray of her own self-respect, I will say nothing could more degrade her in her own estimation.—The laws by which the marriage relation is at present governed, are humiliating, wrong and cruel enough; yet oppressive, wicked and selfish as they are, I would rather that woman would endure them, and I would never speak a word or write a thought, or do aught for the removal of woman's present wrongs, if I apprehended or feared that the destruction of the legal institution of marriage would inevitably follow. But so it will not. Luther and Melancton did not destroy the church, though conservatives predicted they would. The marriage institution—the symbol of the church—may, like the church, be purified and reformed, and like it, come out from the order purer and brighter, and present to humanity a truer type of the ideal sought by true friends to woman's cause.

These books and writings of Mr. and Mrs. Nichols will be, and are eagerly sought for and read, and their pernicious views embraced by a certain class of minds. Look at their extensive sale during the past year. Yes, they are sought, and read and endorsed by just such minds as the Mormon doctrines prevail with, because they give

loose reins to the unhallowed desires of a coarse, sensual nature. It is not the reason and force of argument that takes captive the mind of the reader, but the license to do wrong which entices the vicious nature. It is not the truth that prevails, but the error that compromises with the loose morals of the corrupt fallen nature. Woman sought in the hey-day of youth and dallied with and petted while wealth and beauty last, and then cast off for a new object, which, under legal restraints and correct public sentiment, would never be thought of or desired. What *treason* to woman's cause to advocate this wholesale license to fallen nature, in room of properly protected legal marriage for life.

You who love woman's holy cause, strike down this imp of darkness; and you who desire to see the result of woman free to be chosen, and as free to be rejected as fancy and caprice prompt, look to the dark places of our large cities, where virtue has even no name. There you will see that this unhallowed system destroys all that is noble and good in man, as well as all that is pure and virtuous in woman. Legal marriage is right, and called for by our moral natures, and by the best interests of society. Preserve it, then, and seek no reform, but to purge it of its wrongs.

Second in order comes the Mormon institution of marriage to undermine our views of the sacredness of the legal marriage. For my life, I cannot make anything out of polygamy but slavery of the worst and most degrading kind—slavery a thousand fold more debasing to woman than Southern slavery. The former makes all women slaves and all men their masters, and the latter makes one class slaves to the other. If I were a slave, it would be some mitigation of the evil to know that men were slaves, too, and I their equal. A *religious institution*, they tell us, and our laws guarantee the right to every man to enjoy his own religion. Yes, sanctify the works of darkness, and call it religion! The Aztecs slew their human victims upon the altar, and called it religion. But would you tolerate this sacrifice of human life because it is religion? Then why tolerate a system that is worse than death to your fair daughters? You are bound to provide for the general good. Who supposes that anything but wrong can grow out of polygamy—wrong now to woman, and a great way off, but in the future wrong to yourselves and the government that members control. Now let me ask why does not the general government, the only power having the right to legislate in the Territories, make laws to punish the crime of bigamy in Utah? *Why, just because there is not moral strength enough in Congress to do it.* The Senators and Representatives who congregate there had rather crack their coarse jokes over the delegates from Utah, and their fair possessions of young and blooming wives, than to rebuke this unnatural sin with a law to punish the offence against decency and natural right. Not only every true woman, but every true patriot and lover of equal rights and privileges should array themselves against this system of sanctified bigamy.—Religion is nothing without the spirit. The rich, gloating debauchee has nothing to fear from the toleration of the latter-day saint monopoly.

Not long since a Mormon saint passed through Cleveland on his way to Utah, with his three chattles personal. A newspaper comments upon the circumstance, and makes the observation that if the Mormon did but know it, we have a law in Ohio which "if put in force," would land him in the penitentiary. Well, I opine these laws will be slow in being put in force, but they will be put in force in some places, under some circumstances, and then the spirit of Joe Smith will be awakened in the person of his successors, and a law will be sought by the Saints from the Congress that now refuses to legislate in the premises, to enable Mormon patriarchs to travel and rusticate in the States with their subjects, without molestation or insult, or notice of penitentiaries. The consequence will be that a compromise with sin will be made by politicians and restless and aspiring spirits, and the peculiar institution of Utah will come out triumphant, and the Congress not being able to thrust class legislation upon the country, other men residents of the States can enjoy the same right to hold all the women slaves.



of three hundred persons, and six or eight hundred head of cattle, were bound for California, across the plains. Each wagon was drawn by four yoke of oxen, while a large drove of oxen and cattle followed in the rear. The wagons were heavily laden with goods of one kind and another, and I noticed that the men were fire arms in leathern belts for the protection of their lives and property.

It was a busy, bustling scene. Here and there, around fallen logs, on boards elevated a foot or two from the ground, was gathered groups of men, women and children, taking their suppers.—As chairs were out of the question, all were kneeling on the ground, around the apparently well filled boards, and they ate their simple fare with a seeming relish that many an epicure might envy. I saw but ten or twelve women in the company. One of these was seated on the bank, close to the water's edge, sewing. Her sunburned face told of much exposure, and I queried whether she would pass for a white woman by the time she reached her journey's end. Another, seated in a wagon, was deeply absorbed in a book. Some were milking, others strolling about, and still others presiding at the table on their knees—pouring coffee from bright tin coffee pots, and dealing out to each member of the family a portion of the evening meal, cooked over fires built upon the ground.

The men and boys were variously occupied in eating, milking, watching the cattle that they did not stray away, and, at each arrival of the boat to this side, driving as many of the latter on board to be conveyed across, as could be shipped at one time.

We watched these proceedings for about an hour, and then, as it was nearly dark, again took our seats in our carriage, and were soon set down at our own door.

I felt it to be a great undertaking to come this far to the westward, but when I looked upon those women and their little ones, and thought of the wearisome, dangerous journey before them, which it would take three or four months to accomplish, my journey seemed but a short and pleasant one in comparison. I only hope they go voluntarily to their far distant home, and are prepared to look to the bright side, and make the best of whatever may befall them. It would take more than the gold of California to persuade me to accompany them.

"But how do you like Council Bluffs?—you have told us nothing of that"—I hear my readers exclaiming. True, in telling of the events which have interested me to-day, I have failed to say anything of our city, or of my impressions in regard to it; and I have spun my letter out so long that I dare not attempt it now, lest I trespass upon the space allotted me, and tax both the patience of editor and reader. Suffice it for this time, that I am well satisfied with my new home and new business. The country around looks charmingly, and I enjoy it vastly. The prospects of our young city are drawing crowds of people hither from the East, and I hope soon to have the pleasure of welcoming many of my old friends to our chosen home. More anon. A. B.

PREPARATIONS FOR CLEANING TIN COVERS.—Boil rotten-stone and a small quantity of prepared whitening in sweet oil for two hours, until it acquires the consistency of cream.

For the Lily.

## WOMAN'S SPHERE VS. CONSERVATISM.

BY HORACE S. RUMSEY.

There are some old conservatives  
Throughout our country found,  
Who to the dogmas of the past,  
Inseparable are bound.  
Impediments they ever lay,  
Athwart Progression's track,  
And those whose watchword is "Advance,"  
They with their might hold back.

And shout they with stentorian voice,  
"Down brakes, your brakes put down!  
Come back and take our good old coach,  
Would ye get safe to town."  
And as their fathers thought, they think,  
They do as they have done—  
In one end of the bag a grist,  
The opposite a stone.

They wall their colleges around,  
And all but the elect  
Are treated with contempt and scorn,  
Or slighted with neglect.  
For woman to search out the cause,  
From which her sorrows flow,  
Would be against their "precedent"—  
Herself she must not know.

The altar upon which she lays  
The bleeding sacrifice,  
They would not have her leave, oh! no,  
Though she who nears it dies.  
Consumptive shoes and trailing shirts,  
Her guide board to the grave,  
And the black ensigns of the tomb  
Forever round her wave.

O! woman, rise. "In spite of pride,  
In erring reason's spite,"  
Nor deem this human sacrifice,  
In heaven's sight is right.  
Shake off the thrall that long hath bound  
You willing to the clod,  
And be what woman was at first,  
Fresh from the hand of God.  
Grace in each step and dignity,  
A form of perfect mould,  
A crown of wisdom on the brow,  
Of far more worth than gold.  
In this convulsion of the "spheres,"  
Evolving of new light,  
When spring tide rends the winter's ice,  
When day dispels the night.

When in the history of our race,  
Must dawn an era new—  
When from the chaos of the past,  
Shall rise the good and true—  
A temple intellectual,  
With masonry of health,  
And universal brotherhood,  
And crowned with moral wealth.

Woman, man needs a helping hand  
To elevate, refine,  
Nor without ruin to yourselves,  
Can you this task resign.  
Man plants the reformation tree,  
Which as a giant towers,  
Woman should clothe with foliage,  
And beautify with flowers.

The forest of the human heart  
Presents a winter scene,  
Without her genial ray of love,  
To clothe with living green.  
O! woman, we will look to thee,  
Thou canst our country save—  
Give stamina unto our youths,  
And virtuous make and brave.

Thy sphere is wide as time and space,  
It reacheth heaven above—  
The sinking soul it bringeth up,  
Safe in the arms of love.  
Battling for right, with thee for aid,  
As tide with strength we move,  
And we shall triumph gloriously,  
For all things yield to love.  
The cars and steamers of reform,  
Sweep onward like the wind,  
And leave the bigoted, self-wise,  
A thousand years behind.

Elmira Water Cure, N. Y.

For the Lily.

## WOMAN'S WRONGS--No. 2.

1st. Married women have no right to dispose of their and their husband's property. Now the question arises, why should not woman have an equal right in the disposal of property belonging to herself and husband? Why should not the law with equal propriety, say that in case of her death, her husband shall be entitled to the use of one-third; or why, with equal justice, is she not allowed to make a will disposing of that property as she chooses? If it is right in one case, it is just as surely so in the other. Why is the wife, in case of the husband's death, not allowed to remain in quiet possession of the home which rightfully belongs to her, and provide for her children with the means left, the same as would the husband?

Ever since the film was cleared away from my own darkened vision, it has seemed as though this subject need only be presented, to call forth immediate and decided action; and yet this is far from being the case; for, in too many cases, woman has "all the rights she wants; (that supposes, as many as she has the capacity to enjoy,) and the exercise of power has become so incorporated into man's nature, that it will require great struggles to overcome it. He has so long played the tyrant over meek, submissive woman, that he has really come to believe and argue that it is right.

The declaration of our political independence declares "that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights, among which are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. That to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; and that whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or abolish it, and to institute a new government, laying its foundations on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness."

Although this declaration has been warped and twisted to suit the convenience of interested partisans, it still contains that living and indestructible truth that all men are created equal; and the laws have been and still continue to be enacted, and rules laid down by which one-half of mankind can be held in subjection, the great principle of FREEDOM will continue to expand the hearts of the American people, until the last stone of that temple shall be laid, on whose walls shall be inscribed "Freedom from all oppression—liberty of conscience—right to govern our own lives by our own sense of duty, without any limitation, save the encroachment upon the similar rights of another."

2d. The husband's right to the wife's person. "If a wife elope and go away from her husband without cause, the husband may seize upon her person and bring her home. He may imprison her to prevent her going off, and also to prevent her from destroying and squandering his property. The wife can never, by any act of her own, place herself in such a situation as to deprive him of his marital right to her person." Here, woman is one or two of the links in that chain, which encompass you about. Did you ever feel their tightening grasp? If not, you are happy indeed. But let us make an enquiry or two: Why is the power all vested in man? Why make no provision for the protection of her marital rights? Or has she none for which to contend? Can he be allowed to elope or to destroy and squander her property? How is it? It would seem from the rules laid down to regulate such offences, that the transgression was all on one side. Let the wrecks of the inebriated family—the down-trodden and forsaken victim of man's perfidy, and base sensuality—the broken-hearted wife, whose blighted affections lie crushed and withering at the feet of ruined hopes and broken vows; in thunder tones of despair give evidence in this matter.

3d. But here comes another link. "A wife being a defendant, in a suit for a divorce brought by her husband, and convicted of adultery, shall not be entitled to dower in her husband's real estate, or any part thereof, nor to any distributive share in his personal estate." (Mind it is always *his* property, *his* estate.) Is not this one-sided justice



with a vengeance? Yes, a vengeance that sets on the blood-hounds not only of civil law, but *public opinion* to pursue with unrelenting fury, a wife who steps aside from the prescribed rules of propriety, while at the same time a husband walks forth with unblushing face, though guilt and pollution be upon his soul, and is upheld in his wicked course by the same course which crushed out the life of the wife.

Why does not the law allow the innocent wife to retain not only *her third*, but his right in their property, when he is found guilty of the above crime? But the chain is not yet complete.

4th. "Every father, whether of full age or a minor, of a child likely to be born, or of any living child under twenty-one years of age, and unmarried, may by his deed or last will duly executed, dispose of the custody of that child during the minority or for any less time, to any person or persons, in possession or remainder."

What higher rights exist, I ask, under the broad heaven, than a mother's right to her own offspring? And yet she is denied it. Man, her master, can separate her children from her—bind them out—place them in ever so degraded a situation, and she has no redress. Think of it, ye mothers! A revengeful and unworthy father, regardless of that higher law which constitutes you the natural guardian of your child, is upheld by the law of the land in tearing from your arms, at any time, your loved offspring—tears and prayers availing nought. "Again and again have these terrible words rung in a mother's ears, who was living in the hell of a hateful marriage: "If you leave me, I will take your children from you, and blast your name!" And in case of a divorce, though the husband may be the guilty one, the children are legally his, and oft-times taken from a loving and capable mother, and committed to the evil example of a degrading father.

L. E. B. M. B.

Dansville, N. Y., April, 1855.

For the Lily.

HIRAM, May 5, 1855.

MY DEAR MRS. BIRDSALL: The accompanying article was not intended for publication, and it was only at the urgent solicitation of members of the Alliance, that our sister would suffer it to be sent to you. We shall be glad to see it have a place among the delicate petals of your beautiful, fresh blooming Lily. The sisters here are fighting heroically in the great battle against "King Alcohol," and we have had some manifest tokens of success in the frothings and foaming of the opposers of temperance, but even that has spent itself, and the temperance ball is rolling quietly on.—Once in two weeks your choice exotic unfolds its fragrant leaves to our view, cheering and encouraging us. God speed you in your efforts for humanity.

Yours, truly,

SARAH UDALL.

*Friends of the Alliance*—Beautiful, indeed, was ear h in its primeval glory, when the morning stars united in one sweet chorus to hail its advent, and the sons of God sent a pealing anthem of joy along the watch-towers of the skies. And even now, its blooming fields and orchards, rife with fragrance, its bounding streams and ever-varying landscapes, speak its loveliness. But the wail of anguish which comes up from the abode of wretchedness and woe, the moral atmosphere, contaminated by the poisoned breath of crime, tell too plainly of the sad, sad change which the darkened pall of sin has spread over our world.

We come this evening with scarce the hope of interesting, much less with the expectation of instructing. We are aware the story has been thrice-told, that the subject of intemperance has been presented in nearly every possible light, and viewed from every point of observation; that you have heard again and again, of the poverty, degradation and misery which follow in its footsteps. But shall we say it is enough, so long as there are hearts that bleed, and eyes that weep over the ruin of their brightest hopes, their sweetest joys—so long as the cry of anguish goes up over the desolation of homes, and the wreck of the noblest of God's works? No potentate has ever enjoyed a longer and more prosperous reign than the monarch Intemperance. His dominions have extended from the rising to the setting sun—have en-

compassed both land and sea. Examine the pages of history, and facts will testify. Scarce had the mighty waters rolled their fearful waves from off the deluged earth, when man became the victim of his appetite, and since, there has been no considerable period in the world's history, when intemperance has not exerted a most controlling influence. Though at times its power may have been crippled, yet, as if deriving strength from partial defeat, it has risen with increased energy to fasten its tyrannical chains on its degraded vassals. Among the many vices which, like a cloud of locusts have come up to darken and devour the land, none has exerted a more powerful influence for evil—none has so distracted society, sundering social ties, and desecrating the most sacred relations of life. It is a most fruitful source of disorder and riots, and to it may be attributed much of the crime which is so fearfully increasing. And if we are not earnest in our endeavors to suppress it in every form, and under all circumstances, the results may be most fatal to our civil and religious privileges, most destructive to the peace and prosperity of our commonwealth. This most gigantic of evils is truly no respecter of persons—it regards neither class or condition—intellect is no safeguard, position no effectual protection. It is not content with regaling itself in the abodes of the low, ignorant and uncultivated, but selects alike its victims from the more refined circles of society. It enters the halls of science, and lays its withering hand on the brightest intellect. Not long ere the work is accomplished, and that noble mind, fallen and degraded, but lost to virtue, to the world, and to eternity. Perhaps an aged father has labored hard and long to defray the expenses of a collegiate education, and receives for his reward the ruin of his only son. And that faithful mother who watched over his infancy, and prayed over his advancing years, sinks beneath the awful stroke, and ere long an added mound in yonder church-yard, tells her sorrows o'er.

It has ascended the seat of the judge, and brought him from his high position. It has invaded the chair of the professor, and stricken some of the proudest statesmen of our land. It has entered our legislative halls, increased contention and hatred, till the scene has closed in most shameful combat, and human life been the sacrifice. It has gone still farther, and in a few instances woman who should be the guardian of all that is true and holy, has become the subject of a most vitiated appetite. One has truly said, Intemperance is every where scattering sorrow and gathering its tribute of souls. It is an established truth that whatever disturbs and deranges the physical organization, produces like effects on the mental.—And it is well known that spirituous liquors debilitate the body, and consequently inflames and enfeebles the mind.

Intemperance not only ruins the physical and intellectual nature of man, but is most destructive to the moral. Go into a community which sanctions the sale and use of intoxicating drinks, and you will find the morals of that community reduced to a very low standard. Are not the gaming table and the race ground abundantly supplied with this life and soul-destroying stimulus?

Prohibit the sale of this, and if you do not entirely destroy these deus of corruption, you will very sensibly diminish their number.

Intemperance is also a prolific source of profanity. You can scarcely find an individual that indulges in this sin, who does not take the name of God irreverently. It is proverbial that all drinking resorts are places of profanity. And is it the good or great man that swears? Is it not rather the low, the vicious and ignoble?

Strong drink inflames combativeness, and produces riot and contention—rouses destructiveness to revenge, which often ends in murder; stimulates approbateness to a most ridiculous height; in short, transforms man into a brute. Were this all, the picture were surely dark enough, but the inheritance of suffering which the inebriate bequeaths to his miserable wife, and more than orphan children, adds still a deeper shade.

Go to the home of the intemperate. Perchance 'tis midnight—the hour when good men sleep—the one, too, when corroding care gnaws at the very heart strings, and drinks the red fountain of the

soul. The light of an expiring taper reveals the emaciated form of one who was once the pride and joy of the home circle.

Wearily she toils while the slumbers of her half-starving children are broken by visions of well spread boards. Her heart beats high, but not with hope. Ah! me, 'tis fear—fear of the approaching steps of him who now transformed to a monster, once vowed before men and angels to be her protector for life. Outward appearances are but a faint index to the soul which struggles within. Could you rend the fleshly covering from off that burthened heart, you would find wounds deep and incurable, hopes disappointed, and the holiest affections upturned by the plow-share of destruction. "Is there no balm in Gilead?" Is there no remedy for this grievous wrong? Would not a change in popular sentiment, and prohibition by law most effectually exile intemperance from home and country? And who can doubt the right of law to prohibit? Has not the State a right to regulate taxation—to grant charters for railroads—to open asylums for the deaf and blind, and to do whatever promotes public prosperity? Has it not also a right to forbid whatever is injurious to public good?

Intemperance increases taxation by filling our poor houses with sufferers, and our criminals with jails. And is it not inconsistent to permit crime, and legalize a traffic which produces the greater part of crime committed.

Intemperance has too long trampled on the rights of the people—too long have they been taxed to pay the liquor bills at Presidential levees. Few would be willing to do it for those employed on their farms or in their shops. Then why pay such enormous taxes that our public men may set the most pernicious example before the nation. It is not only the right but the duty of every Christian and philanthropist to labor earnestly in the work of temperance. For how can we pray, "lead us not into temptation," while we permit others to be tempted beyond their power of resistance.

We have said we believe a change in popular sentiment, and prohibition by law will effect the desired object. In the first place, we rejoice that we are permitted to co-operate, and trust we shall ever be found with ready hands and willing hearts. But here the co-operation must end. We will pray and labor; but it is for you, gentlemen, to say whether we shall have a law to protect us from this blighting curse. And we implore you by the widow's sighs and the orphan's tears, to send men to our legislature who shall grant it us. We not only implore this of you, but we ask it as a right which is justly and truly ours. And we would, too, that you would not again represent our own proud State at the Capitol of the Nation, by a man who is in the habitual use of intoxicating drinks, not to say, notoriously intemperate. "It is one great chain that binds the whole," and if we sanction intemperance at the head and heart of the nation, why not in every town and city throughout the extended territory.

To the ladies of the Alliance we have only to say, cease not your labor and grow weary, till a shout of victory shall ascend from earth's redeemed millions; for

"Lives of great ones all remind us,  
We can make our lives sublime,  
And departing, leave behind us  
Footsteps on the sands of time."

TO THE LADIES.—The Perfume of Flowers may be gathered according to the "Scientific American," in a very simple manner and without apparatus. Gather the flowers with as little stalk on possible, and place them in a jar, three parts full of olive or almond oil. After being in the oil twenty-four hours, put them into a coarse cloth, and squeeze the oil out from them. This process, with fresh flowers, is to be repeated according to the strength of the perfume desired. The oil, being thus thoroughly perfumed with the volatile principle of the flowers, is to be mixed with an equal quantity of pure rectified spirits, and shaken every day for a fortnight, when it may be poured off, ready for use. As the season for sweet-scented blossoms is just approaching, this method may be practically tested, and without any great trouble or expense. It would add additional interest to the culture of flowers.



they can secure and maintain. A pity some of the croaking about woman's rights and its dangers, cannot be turned upon this pernicious, flagrant evil, which is even now insidiously undermining the legal marriage. Preserve, I say, the legal marriage institution, and defend it from all abuse, seeking only to reform its abuses, and to overthrow it.

M. A. BRONSON.

For the Lily.

#### The Starry Heavens.

"When I consider the heavens the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained," I, too, am ready to exclaim with the Psalmist, "What is man that thou art mindful of him, or the son of man, that thou visitest him."

Apparently, how trifling, how utterly insignificant the sphere he fills during the fleeting moments of his earthly pilgrimage. Let us view him as a physical being! He occupies but little space—his real wants are few, and his imaginary ones many. As the poet says: "He needs but little, nor that little long." As a moral being, his sphere is some wider—he exerts an influence for good or for evil, in proportion as he is one or the other. If non-committal, he is but a cipher, to do him justice. As he has never made his mark, a stone should not point to his resting place. But his number is few. "Legion" is not written thereon. As a religious being, he is something in his own estimation, at least, and if he lives as he should, (consistently,) he is of great importance in the world, and an object of rejoicing angels in heaven. But if his peculiar tenets fill the sanctum sanctorum of his vision, all else is excluded from the holy of holies—he cramps himself upon the Procrustean bedstead of sectarianism—contracting his sphere infinitely smaller than his physical man in comparison. Viewing him thus, he is the smallest, the poorest, the most crippled of all the Creator's works—a voluntary slave!

It is then, when considering thy heavens, and comparing him as a physical and moral being, that I would say what is he that thou shouldst be mindful of him? Young says: "How poor! how rich! how abject! how august! how complicated! how wonderful is man! how passing wonder He who made him such!" As such, then, we will view him.

Star-gazing being, our peculiar delight—not scientifically, but religiously—we will here find him—the reverence with which he contemplates the Great Supreme, who has filled the heavens with His glory—reading His stupendous works by the light of those magnificent orbs which illumine the universe—"the spangled heavens, a shining frame," causing him to shout with joy as the stars of the morning sing together, in the fullness of his soul, to exclaim "Great and marvelous are Thy works, Lord God Almighty—in wisdom hast thou made them all:

"There's not one scene to mortals given,  
That more divides the soul and sod,  
Than yon proud heraldry of heaven—  
You burning blazonry of God."

In the cultivation of this emotion he is great—in this he is "but a little lower than the angels," and shall be "crowned with glory and honor." He is great, too, in the disposition to investigate astronomy as a science—in the intellectual power with which he calculates the nearness or remoteness of world from world—their proximity or immense distance from our earth—the velocity with which they revolve around their suns, and their satellites around them, the time they measure, the space, distance, their bulk their weight, the law which binds them together, keeping them in the hollow of their Maker's hand. All this his intellect grasps, and more. By the aid of the telescope, which was invented by Jansen, of Holland, but greatly improved since by L. Gallileo and others, he has stretched his vision into the immensity of space—discovering new planets, with their satellites, new suns and systems, surpassing our own in numbers, in magnitude, and brilliancy. Our solar system is but an atom in comparison with the immensity of the Universe. The phenomenon that appears to the unassisted eye as nebula, by the aid of his intellect, through the medium of the telescope, is resolved into planets and satellites. Comets are tracked through their celestial pathway, as

they recede and then return, heralded with accurate precision. The time of eclipses calculated with momentary exactness. The going out of the sun was looked upon in ancient times with awe, but by the light of science, superstition is thrown into the shadow of ignorance. "There is nothing to be feared—no chance work in this mighty system. Every planet, satellite and sun exerts an influence upon all others—not an isolated world in the whole universe. Every planet has been weighed and poised, and placed precisely where it should, be. When it starts on its mission in the immensity of space, it falls under the law of gravitation, and this law is accountable for all its movements this is what protects and keeps us in security."—So says astronomy, and astronomy would be to us as silent as the night to which our vision study the heavens with its glory, were it not for man's mental nature. And to us has God given the intellect to read, understand and unfold His wonders! And if fearful in contemplating His grandeur, as it magnificently bends o'er us, that we shall be overlooked in our comparative littleness, we have only to remember that to us alone has He given dominion over the works of His hands. We have the capacity to be great, physically, morally and mentally, and if we do not improve it, it is our misfortune, if not our fault. STELLA.

Richmond.

For The Lily.

#### LUCY STONE.

Lucy Stone is married, and what a pow-wow the press is making about it. How the newspapers sneer and insinuate and talk about Lucy's repudiating her principles, and make merry over her protest.

Lucy has repudiated no principle—she has never harangued against marriage. She has only waged an uncompromising war with the oppressive laws connected therewith. There are not ten honorable and honest men in the United States that will say that the laws, as they now stand in the statute books of the States, are just to married women. Not one woman have I ever found who, when they were fairly stated to her, did not repudiate some of them. How dare any one then to marry under them! Because a man feels that he is just and will not use the power they give him, and because the woman trusts the man she marries; and, in the language we hear so much, believes her husband will "let" her do as she likes. And so the world goes on, marrying and giving in marriage, without calling to account the actors in the drama for their consistency.

But Lucy has dared openly to attack what others privately acknowledge to be unjust, and now, having found a companion who has also openly, boldly and nobly spoken against all those oppressions, and is willing to sign a protest before the world, that he believes them wrong, and thus stands before the bar of public opinion pledged not to use the tyrant power which the law gives him, the two become one, and that one not the husband, but husband and wife—one in interest, one in heart and feelings, one as a household, and as near one as two individual beings can be, and live out the true life for which they are fitted, and for which they were created.

I am glad Lucy is married. I know that she would not have taken that step unwisely. It is the truest life when law does not deform it.

But still more glad am I for the utterance of that "protest." "What good will it do?" is everywhere asked. What good? No event of the year—not the battle of Balaklava—the siege of Sevastopol—the death of Nicholas—nothing has stirred up the whole people like this "protest" against bad laws. Men have talked of all these matters, but how many women ever heard a word about them. But of the "protest," the young shopkeeper is talking with the miss at the counter, as she cheapens her lace and ribbons—the milliner, as she twists her bows—the ladies as they make fashionable calls—the gents at the hotel table—the husband at home—the beaux at the opera, the theater and concert. The young school girls and teachers sport over it. In the reading rooms and libraries it is discussed, and in every group there will be some one found to take up some point, and argue it, though it may be feebly, for the right.

"Perfectly ridiculous," said a fashionable lady,

with a soup plate on the back of her head, full of flowers, perfectly ridiculous."

"Oh, no," said a lawyer, and straightway followed an argument, and the lady owned she was mistaken.

"There are no such laws in this country," exclaimed another.

"I beg your pardon," answered a clergyman, "but there are just such laws as are objected to."

"What! has the husband really custody of his wife's person?"

"Certainly, he has that right if he will use it."

"And the entire right to her earnings?"

"Yes, except for necessary support."

"Really, are all those laws objected to in the protest, in the book, and can they be enforced at will by the husband?"

"Most assuredly they can."

"Well, that's all news to me; I'm half a woman's rights woman, if that's the case, myself."

So goes on the talk, and thousands will think, who never did before, on the subject. Every sneer every squib, every piquant editorial will stir the stagnant waters of old customs, and set the world to "clashing and discussing," as Jack Downing, once said, truth will be evolved.

Yes I am glad Lucy is married, and glad they made a protest. F. D. GAGE.

#### A Link in the Chain of Memory.

Our Heavenly Father, infinitely loving and beneficent has allotted His earthly children an immortality of existence. In infinite love and wisdom, He has endowed them with a mysterious nature—has given them the power of living in the past, as truly as in the present, and at the close of this sub-lunary scene of things, has graciously superadded bright assurances of an eternity of duration. Blessed, thrice blessed hope! How many a weary traveler has it cheered onward with its benign light, even to the threshold of the dark valley!

The present life is made up of a constant change of scene—presenting at every change some new phase, some new picture in life's kaleidoscope. These scenes, whether fraught with joy or sorrow we live over again at our pleasure, calling them up from the shadowy past, fresh and unchanged, as in the first moment of actuality. No event in life can be considered trivial, when we reflect that each and all of these events are indissolubly linked together by an electric chain, passing from the cradle to the grave, and so on through eternity. What an overpowering thought for the accountability of the present moments, ever flowing onward, like the undulating waves of ocean, chasing each other in rapid succession, and bearing on their bosom indestructible seed for future good or ill.

These reflections were very deeply engraven on my mind by a casual circumstance of recent occurrence. Not many weeks ago, I had occasion to look over the contents of an old bureau drawer which had long been used as a depository of fragmentary articles of all kinds, a quiet resting place for things which had served their purpose, and were garnered up as sacred relics of the past. Hastening to enshrine these old treasures, I brushed away the cobwebs enshrouding them, and drew forth an old and somewhat faded piece of embroidery, wrought by own hands, when scarcely in my teens, (that most important era in childish life.) To my inexperienced eye, it seemed a work of no small achievement—at any rate, it had rescued my hands from idleness, had elicited commendation from loving friends, and like more valuable things, been consigned to oblivion. As this hoarded trifle met my eye, it touched the electric cord of memory, throwing open a long closed chamber of the brain, bringing out in clear perspective a well-filled gallery of youthful portraits—schoolmates many long years ago. There they were—in all their youthful loveliness—fresh and unchanged as when we sat side by side through the long bright summer day—not a feature changed, not a grace vanished, not a shadow resting on their bright joyous faces! In gazing on these loved, familiar faces, a crowd of mingled sensations filled my soul. It seemed almost like holding communion with angelic spirits. And very many of these young associates have long since been dwellers in the spirit world. The communion was angelic. Is it not truly an element of immortal life? W. J. B.



## THE LILY.

RICHMOND, IND., JUNE 1 1855.

Ho! FOR THE WEST!—We can but remark the great numbers of our readers who are leaving the Eastern States, to find new homes and fill new stations in the West; and these appear to be young people generally, with activity, enterprise and intelligence. Many of the letters requesting change in the direction of papers breathe a spirit of liberality, independence, and force of character that will, if we mistake not, have a strong influence for good in moulding the character of the new States. Freedom, temperance and equal rights will have champions in our enterprising friends, who will never faint nor tire until the stratagems against truth and God's good gifts to universal man, shall have died under the full expose to their strong and searching light. Our good wishes attend them, and we trust to hear from them, sometimes, word of how the good cause prospers.

RESULTS OF PROHIBITION IN CONNECTICUT.—We have just received this very interesting little volume. It contains a map showing the extent of prohibition in the United States in 1855, portraits of Henry Ward Beecher, Rev. Lyman Beecher and Rev. John Pierpont, besides a great amount of information of deep interest to us at this time.

The statements from all sources go to prove the vast superiority of *stringent prohibitory* laws over those attempting to regulate and control, by fines, or penalties, or imprisonments, a legalized traffic in intoxicating liquors. The evidence as well proves that a calm, settled perseverance will insure the enforcement of the law, that "wrong is a coward," and that notwithstanding "wells may be fenced in" and the "tavern pump handle be taken out or chained," two wells will be dug where there was but one for the traveler, and the brooks flow as free and limpid as ever.

Personal security and domestic peace are more guarded—crime is materially diminished, and the comforts of life secured to hundreds, if not thousands of families, who but for this law would have been in want.

Horace Greely makes this statement: "Connecticut only passed the Maine Law last spring. We struggled up, there, through three years of disasters, but we finally succeeded. There were many predictions that it would not be passed, and if passed, would not be signed by the Governor; and if signed by the Governor and made a law, could not be sustained. But we knew that the law would triumph—that it would not be broken down. Does any man say so now? Why, let "Connecticut" be spoken, be but whispered among a dozen anti-Maine law men, and it disperses them just as though a bomb shell had fallen among them."

This book precedes an extensive work entitled, THE MAINE LIQUOR LAW, its Origin, History and results. Price of the work, containing the laws of each State, \$1 50—the one in which the laws are omitted, \$1. This work will be out the 1st of June.

Price of Results of Prohibition in Connecticut, in paper cover, 25c; in muslin, gilt, 50c. For either, address Henry S. Clubb, editor, Tribune office, New York.

ANATOMY AND PHYSIOLOGY.—We are glad to announce to our readers that EMIL B. SWANK, an able lecturer, will, at an early time, commence a series

of articles upon these subjects in the Lily. A knowledge of them is of the greatest importance to woman in practical life. Indeed, incalculable suffering has been caused by ignorance of its principles. When we see the scores of idle girls, who will in future years fill such important and responsible places in life, idling listlessly, for hours, at the windows and the doors, or parading gaudy millinery and jewelry upon the streets, we sigh for the mental waste, and grieve for the vacuum in hearts and minds created with good abilities, and for good works.

Recreation and amusement are right, proper, and even *essential* to all, particularly to the young but this *idleness* is so wrong that it cannot be too strongly condemned. We cannot compute the gain there would be in happiness and in health, were these wasted hours devoted to mental discipline, and the acquisition of knowledge that every day life will call for and require at the hand of every woman, in whatever station she may be.

We are glad, therefore, that Mrs. Swank proposes to furnish us with articles upon these important subjects, and trust that they will be the means of much good, and awaken a far greater attention to their practical precepts.

THE WILMINGTON INDEPENDENT, J. W. Chaffin, editor, subscription price \$1 50, Wilmington, Clinton county, O. The mechanical appearance of this paper has been lately improved, and the editor aims to render it still more attractive and efficient than heretofore. It is very worthy of a generous support.

"I always hear with pain, that doctrine too common among lawyers, that property is the creature of the law; as if it had no national foundation, no national right; as if it did not precede all laws, and were not their cause instead of being their effect. Government is ordained not to create, so much as to protect and regulate property; and the chief strength of government lies in the sanction which the moral sense, the natural idea of right gives to honestly earned possessions. The notion I am combatting is essentially revolutionary and destructive. We hear much of radicalism and agrarianism, but of all radicals the most dangerous is he who makes property the creature of the law; because what the law can create the law can destroy."—Channing.

A MIXED FOOD NECESSARY.—If I only bend my arm, or move my finger, there is a certain portion of the tissues destroyed, which must be supplied by my food; the more work a man performs, the more of those nitrogenous substances he requires. So far as supplying the waste of the tissues, it is a matter of indifference whether we give an animal food containing gluten or albumen; but it exercises a considerable influence on the character of the animal food. Take, for example a hunt, at which we have an omnivorous animal, man riding on a graminivorous animal, a horse, accompanied by a carnivorous animal, a dog, following a herbivorous animal, a hare. Even the character of nations is very materially affected indeed by their food. The other class of food serves a very important, but totally different purpose—namely, that of supplying animal heat. The temperature of our bodies is, in temperate climates at least, higher than the surrounding air.—Now, in order to keep up this temperature, a combustion goes on similar to that of an ordinary fire. The same product—carbonic acid, water, and ammonia—are evolved from the mouth of the furnace of the body and the mouth of a common chimney. In cold weather, a certain portion of heat is gradually abstracted from our body, which must be supplied by the combustion of our food or of the matter of our bodies; the colder the climate, therefore, the more heat-giving materials must be supplied in the food.—Professor Lyon Playfair.

## EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

COUNCIL BLUFFS, IOWA, May 5, 1855.

It is now 8 o'clock in the evening. I have for the last half hour been gazing upon a spectacle which we have often heard of at the East, but which I never witnessed in all its grandeur till now—a prairie on fire! Directly in front of our house, and but a few rods distant, stretches away for three miles, to the river's side, an open prairie—or what is here called "bottom land." The tall, dry grass of last year's growth on this land, is now on fire, for about half a mile in extent, and the flames sweeping off towards the river, are devouring everything in their path. From my open door, as I sit writing, I have the scene full before me. The whole country round is illuminated by the bright flames, which dance and crackle and as they sweep on their course, while the columns of white smoke, rising high in the heavens, set off by the dark horizon, which forms the background beyond, add greatly to the beauty of the scene.—It is truly a magnificent spectacle, and I would that some of our Eastern friends were here to enjoy it with me. Such sights are so common here that people think but little of them.

Just before dark to-night, I saw another sight which would be a curiosity for Eastern people—a drove of tame Elk. These, to the number of a dozen, nightly ascend from the bottoms to a high bluff, (or what at the East we should call a steep hill,) in the rear of our house, and there on the brow lay them down for the night. Early in the morning they may be seen standing on this eminence, gazing off upon the surrounding country and the town below; and soon after they take up their line of march, and again come down to mingle with the domestic animals who have trespassed upon their chosen haunts, and to graze upon the open prairies.

I wonder not that they choose so elevated and lovely a spot to pass the night, where they may catch the first glimpse of the rising sun, and take so commanding a view of the country for miles around; yet it shows an instinct little short of reasoning powers. This whole country, but a few years since, was the abode of vast numbers of their race, who roamed undisturbed over hill and plain, save when the arrow of the red man marked them for its victims. Now their companions are driven before the encroachments of civilization, and they alone remain to tread the old paths, and visit the old haunts of other days. Like the Indian, they see their country taken possession of by strangers, and like him, they look with wonder and regret upon the encroachments of the "pale face." I fancy, as they pass my door, on their way down from the hill, that their countenances wear a saddened expression, and I imagine them sighing to rejoin their companions in their wild haunts, far off towards the setting sun, on the plains of Nebraska. But it may not be. They are parted from their kind forever—and soon a much greater distance will separate them, as I am told that these are designed for an Eastern market.

This afternoon I witnessed still another novel sight. A lady friend called with her carriage to give us a ride, and we wended our way to the banks of the Missouri, at a point directly opposite Omaha, the new capital of Nebraska, where a steam ferry boat plies between that city and this. Here, on the river bank, and a little back, were collected a large crowd of men, women and children, cattle, emigrant wagons, &c., all waiting to be ferried across. This company, to the number



For the Lily.  
**JOURNEYINGS TO THE WEST.**

**LETTER FROM HARRIET N. TORREY.**

MY DEAR MRS. BIRDSALL—We left Unionville the 11th of April. The ground was partially covered with snow, which had fallen the night before; and the wintry looking clouds, upon either side of which the sun was probably shining, seemed to indicate a blustering day.

The shores of Lake Erie were still ice bound—looking so cold and dreary that I looked steadily the other way, and tried to imagine that a ride of a few hours would bring us to a more genial clime. After riding about two hours, we emerged from the solitary car which made up the 'Conneaut Accommodation,' for that morning, and found ourselves in the "Forest City." As the cars for Toledo did not leave until near 2 o'clock, four of those longest of mortal hours—hours of suspense which *must* be endured, because the "iron horse," like time and tide, starts off when he gets ready, and not before—were upon our hands, and to be passed away in some manner, agreeable or disagreeable, according to surrounding circumstances.

And as a modern depot, like the old stage coach, or the cabins of steam and canal boats, usually contains tolerable fair specimens of all sorts of *human* nature, and brings out some of the characteristics of both ordinary and extraordinary people, we chose to remain there, instead of taking a ride up town, and trying to make believe that we were dignified exclusives—really somebody from somewhere!

Well, after taking a good view of the depot, with its outward surroundings, and internal characteristics, we picked our way carefully along into a saloon, literally crowded with women and children, and from which there came a confused babbling of tongues, almost as annoying to the nerves as the *bad smell*—(have I said anything vulgar?) Guess the facilities for ventilating that saloon will become more numerous as the weather gets warmer; but if they do not, may the good Lord have compassion upon those who unwittingly stray into such a pestilential atmosphere. We made our escape as soon as practicable, and sat down upon a trunk on the platform, rejoicing to inhale the fresh air once more.

"I will never undertake another journey unless my husband accompanies me," remarked a fine looking woman, as she was passing by where we were sitting. "With my child, my mother, and a dray load of baggage to look after, I am almost bewildered. I expected to find a brother at E—, yesterday, but found, when we arrived there, that he had enlisted in the army, and left a few days before. My mother has wandered off 'up town,' and may get lost. She said there was a possibility of getting some more definite information about my brother; but I am afraid she will get crazy. What shall I do?"

Her mother came in in a few minutes, in a state of mental excitement bordering on distraction. But she had learned something more concerning her son, and as he was a minor, she was confident she could get him back. And any one that looked upon her as she paced the platform with a rapid step and decided air, would feel assured that she *would*, if she had to compass the earth to find him. The last time I saw her, she was pressing her daughter's babe to her bosom, as if she was afraid that it would slide from her bosom, and leave her desolate indeed.

The daughter was standing by their dray load of baggage, apparently calm and collected, discharging her complicated duties in a manner which showed that she was capable of taking care of herself, and of others too.

"William, come here! What in the world are you dodging around so for, when you know how uneasy I am about you all the time?"

The speaker was a woman with a dark skin, and the bright-eyed boy that came capering to her side, seemed to be wondering why his mother felt so uneasy about him.

"May be she came in on the underground cars," remarked somebody near by.

"If I had come from the South, I should not be sitting here long, let me assure you," quietly remarked the colored woman. "But I do feel so

uneasy about my boy; he wants to be running about, and I wish he would keep by my side?"

"And who could blame her for wishing to keep him by her side? He was a fine boy—a tempting prize for some heartless kidnapper; but he was safe there—no mere mortal arm could have taken him from her side, without her consent. If you do not believe what I say, look at the countenances of the surrounding group; and then if you know any thing about human nature, you will say that my words are true.

But what in the world is that woman about over yonder? She seems to be driving a child around the platform, as if she meant he should know that his limbs were formed for motion.—They are coming this way now, and we *must* laugh, let the consequences be what they may. And she don't take it in dudgeon, but laughed, too, while telling us that she is whipping him 'round in order to get him so tired that he will keep still when they are on the cars. Now, that woman was something of a philosopher; and while looking after her own and her child's comfort, she was also contributing to the comfort of those occupying seats near her. And if she was not a Yankee herself, her mother must have been one.

As the time for the cars to start to Toledo drew near, we stepped on board, and after passing through several which were crowded almost to suffocation, we finally entered one partially filled, and secured good seats. After sitting there an hour or two, wondering why in the world the train was so much behind time, it finally passed out of the depot about 4 o'clock. And after being delayed another hour, some two or three miles from the city, fields, forests, villages, and every thing else seemed to whirl from us as if the earth was casting them from its bosom.

Oberlin disappeared to the right before we caught a fair view of its domes and steeples, while Norwalk dodged around some corner, as if hurrying to get out of the way. Village after village loomed up from the western plains, and then swept past us with the velocity of lightning. And if they are going on at the same rate, they may before this time, have started the "Celestials" among their tea plantations, by alighting among them just long enough to dip!

However, leaving the villages to their fate, whatever it may be, our train rolled into Toledo about 9 o'clock in the evening; and after crossing the river, we went directly on to a train for Chicago, and by 10 o'clock, we were rolling rapidly along towards the prairie land, in company with fifteen hundred fellow travelers.

Kansas must be pretty well supplied with guns, but as powder and lead usually mark the progress of civilization, they will be found in Kansas, of course. God grant that her soil may never be stained by human blood, and that the right of every one to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness may be secured.

At 4 o'clock the following morning, we left the cars at Jonesville, Mich., and, after breakfast, we started for Jackson, thirty miles from Jonesville, in a daily stage, which was made up of two horses and a queer sort of land bungalow, which seems to be peculiar to this western country; and its motion must be similar to that of a machine for crushing quartz.

For the first ten miles we rode through a fine looking country. The "oak openings" reminded us of the old orchards of the Eastern country; but the oaks were too tall for apple trees, and the illusion vanished as we became familiar with Michigan scenery. A baulky horse added somewhat to the excitement of the last twenty miles; and a feeling of insecurity seemed to make the road more rough, and the land bungalow's bumps more intolerable. But we arrived at Jackson during the afternoon of the same day (!) tired and hungry, but rejoicing in a prospect of resting a few days before penetrating any further into the Western world.

Altogether too rapidly did those twelve days pass away—days of quiet happiness which are fully appreciated by those who have been reunited after being separated for years. And while surrounded by a sister and her husband, and the six little ones which cluster like rose-buds around the parent stem, visions of the mother upon whose bo-

som we have so often nestled, and whose mortal body now rests on the shores of Lake Erie; and of the father whose grave was made, long years ago, upon the banks of the Shenango—would often come floating around—making the heart sad, even amid its cheerful surroundings.

But time passes on—we must needs be on our way once more. And on the evening of the 23d of April we were again on board the cars, with a fair prospect of arriving at our destination at the close of the following day.

The rains a few days previous, had raised the streams so that a large part of the country was covered with water; and at Battle Creek the side of the track next to the river was supported by planks set up endways—a foundation no more precarious than the bottom of a great many things in this world. But we passed safely over all that was said to be unsafe, and the remainder of our moonlight ride through Michigan was about equally divided between land and water.

We arrived in Chicago about sunrise: and finding that the train for Dixon was not to leave until 4 o'clock in the afternoon, we rode out to the Junction, thirty miles, on the Galena cars, where we could rest undisturbed by the "noise and confusion," the filth and foreign jargon, which characterizes Chicago. Being too tired to be very lonesome, the day passed away, and the Dixon train came thundering along about six o'clock; and away we rolled, at the rate of thirty miles an hour, until the evening shadows and the high waters made less speed more safe.

At 9 o'clock we arrived at Franklin Grove, rejoicing that we were to bid farewell to the "iron horse" and the crowded cars for the present. Brother B. landed from the cars into the mud—the mud of Illinois, while a plank came sliding along under my feet just as they were alighting upon the plat—water and mud!

Well, a good sleep, undisturbed by any nocturnal annoyances, and a capital breakfast, revived our spirits for a ride of twelve miles over the prairies on the following morning; and we did enjoy that ride in spite of the thunder shower which hovered over and around us for two-thirds of the distance. True, there was nothing *green* to look at, but there was a continual succession of level and rolling prairie, while isolated groups of trees loomed up occasionally, like islands on the bosom of the ocean. As we approach Rock River, the Mississippi of the Aborigines, the country became more broken by bluffs and ravines, and the "timber" larger, but even here it is in mere groves when compared with the forests of the Eastern States.

Before noon we drove up to our sister's gate—rejoicing that our wanderings are over for the present. And now, my dear Mrs. Birdsall, when my "Bloomer" gets along—it is back with the baggage now—just give me a call, and we will take a walk over the prairie-garden.

HARRIET N. TORREY.

Oregon, Ogle county, Ill.

**LADIES DRESSES**—We saw something in the *Sunday Mercury*, the other day, that we liked exceedingly. The editor copied a paragraph which stated that the dress of a woman of fashion, if she "goes out a good deal," costs about two thousand dollars a year, upon which the *Mercury* well remarks: "We know some 'who go out a great deal,' whose dress ought not judging from external appearance, to cost quite so much as a thousand dollars in fifty years. They are ladies who go out in the morning and not return until the shadows of evening have fallen around their homes; they earn less than a dollar a day, and out of it support an old mother, a sick sister, or a young child."

The writer adds a hint to the effect, that ladies who spend two thousand dollars a year on their dress, ought to think of these sisters of theirs, and occasionally put on the robe of charity, which covers such a multitude of ill deeds. The truth is that a woman spends two thousand dollars a year upon dress, is either very silly or a wicked woman. A jewel of value never requires so costly a setting. And, with regard to "robes of charity," we may quote Tupper's maxim: "Extravagance and Meanness are twin sisters."—*Woman's Temperance Paper*.



**THE WINTER OF THE HEART.**—Let it not come to you. Live so that good angels may protect you from that terrible evil—the winter of the heart.

Let no chilling influence freeze up the fountains of sympathy and happiness in its depths; no cold burden settle over its withered hopes, like snow on the faded flowers—no rude blast of discontent moan and shriek through its desolate chambers.

Your life path may lead you among trials, which for a time seem utterly to impede your progress, and shut out the very light of heaven from your anxious gaze.

Poverty may take the place of ease and plenty; your luxurious house may be exchanged for a single lowly room—the soft couch for the straw pallet—the rich viands for coarse food of the poor. Summer friends may forsake you, with scarcely a look or word of compassion.

You may be forced to toil wearily, steadily on to earn a livelihood; you may encounter fraud and the base avarice which would extort the last farthing, till you well nigh turn in disgust from your fellow beings.

Death may sever the dear ties that bind you to earth, and leave you in fearful darkness.

But amid all these sorrows do not come to the conclusion that nobody was ever so deeply afflicted as you are, and abandon every anticipation of "better days" in the unknown future.

"Do not lose your faith in human excellency, because your confidence has some times been betrayed—do not believe that friendship is only a delusion, and love a bright phantom that glides away from your grasp.

Do not think you are fated to be miserable because you are disappointed in your expectations, and baffled in your pursuits. Do not declare that Heaven has forsaken you, when your way is hedged about with thorns, or repine sinfully when your dear ones are called to the land beyond the river.

Keep a holy hope in Heaven through every trial—bear adversity with fortitude, and look upward in hours of temptation and suffering. When your locks are white, your eyes dim, and your limbs weary; when your steps falter on the verge of life's vale, still retain the buoyancy of spirit which will shield you from the winter of the heart.

**SPARE THE BIRDS.**—The January number of Hovey's Magazine contains an excellent article by Wilson Flagg, entitled a "Plea for Birds," which may attract the attention of those of our agricultural friends who have time to read and reflect during the winter months. The author makes five classes of insects, and as many birds, acting as natural checks upon the increase of insects.

The swallows are the natural enemies of the swarming insects, living almost entirely upon them, taking their food upon the wing. The common martin devours great quantities of wasps, beetles and goldsmiths. A single bird will devour five thousand butterflies in a week. The moral of this is that the husbandman should cultivate the society of swallows and martins about his land and out-buildings.

The sparrows and wrens feed upon the crawling insects which lurk within the buds, foliage and flowers of plants. The wrens are pugnacious, and a little box in a cherry tree will soon be appropriated by them, and they will soon be appropriated by them, and they will drive away other birds that feed upon the fruit, a hint that cherry growers should remember this spring and act upon.

The thrushes, robins, blue birds, jays and crows, prey upon butterflies, grass-hoppers, crickets, locusts and the larger beetles. A single family of jays will consume twenty thousand of these in a season of three months.

For insects which come abroad only during the night, nature has provided a check in the nocturnal birds of the whippoorwill tribe, and the little barn owl, which take their food upon the wing.

How wonderful is this provision of Providence for the restraint of the depredators that live upon the labors of man; and how careful should we be not to dispute that beneficial law of compensation by which all things are preserved in their just relations.—*Republican.*

**PERSONALITY AN AWFUL GIFT.**—The short verse—"Every man shall bear his own burden," opens to our consideration one of the deepest principles of our being. It singles us out from the multitude around us. It sets us alone with our own spiritual and moral character, as we have fashioned it, and reminds us that we must bear for ourselves that burden. It bids us remember that great truth which the world is ever seeking to hide from us, that we are each of us ONE; that we have that in us which does truly separate us from every other beside; that we are in reality alone. There is something awful in this truth, in whatever light we look at it. Though this is, indeed, our greatness—though it is in this, in a great measure, that our likeness to God consists, yet it is an awful thought. Our very greatness is appalling to us—but we cannot shake it off. We may, indeed, strive, in our shrinking weakness, to break in upon the stillness of our solitary being by crowding others around us, but we cannot. We may forget our loneliness for a season, in the whirl of pleasure, or the fever of excitement, or the warm gushes of a loving sympathy; but in all the pauses of outward things, the solemn voice comes back again upon our ear; the multitude of shadows fade into nothingness; and the great vision of our single, proper, solitary being, again overshadows our spirits. We have each one this burden of a separate soul, and we must bear it. Even ordinary life utters voices which add their witness to this truth, if we listen for them. How do all deep thinking people, in the inmost current of their spirits, live apart from others, and, more or less, even feel that they do so.—*Bishop of Oxford.*

**LIVE FOR SOMETHING.**—Thousands of men breathe, move, and live—pass off the stage of life, and are heard of no more. Why? None were blessed by them; none could point to them as the means of their redemption; not a line they wrote, not a word they spoke, could be recalled, and so they perished; their night went out in darkness, and they were not remembered more than the insects of yesterday. Will you thus live and die? O, man, live for something. Do good, and leave behind you a monument of virtue that the storms of time can never destroy. Write your name, by kindness, love and mercy, on the hearts of thousands you come in contact with year by year, and you will never be forgotten. No; your words, your deeds, will be as legible on the hearts you leave behind, as the stars on the brow of evening. Good deeds will shine as brightly on the earth as the stars of heaven.—*Dr. Chalmers.*

You may glean knowledge by reading, but you must separate the wheat from the chaff by thinking.

The face of truth is not the less fair for all the counterfeit vizards that have been put upon her.

#### Married,

By Friends' ceremonies, on fourth day, the 30th day of Fifth mo. JESSE S. WILSON to REBECCA D. STRATTAN; both of Richmond, Ind.

"I came—and she was gone,  
Yet I had seen her from the altar led,  
The fresh, young rosebud deep'ning in her cheek,  
And on her brow the sweet and solemn thought,  
Of one who gives a priceless gift away.

And there was silence 'mid the gathered throng,  
The stranger and the hard of heart, did draw  
Their breath supprest, to see the mother's lip  
Turn ghastly pale, and the majestic sire  
Shrink as with smother'd sorrow, when he gave  
His darling to an untried guardianship.

Even triflers felt  
How strong and beautiful is woman's love,  
That, taking in its hand its thornless joys,  
The tenderest melodies of tuneful years,  
Yea! and its own life also—lays them all,  
Meek and unblenching on a mortal's breast,  
Receiving naught, save that unspoken hope  
Which hath its root in God.

Mock not with mirth,  
A scene like this.

Joy, serious and sublime,  
Such as doth nerve the energies of prayer,  
Should swell the bosom, when a maiden's hand  
Fill'd with life's dewy flow'rets, girdeth on  
That harness, which the ministry of death  
Alone unlooseth, but whose fearful power  
May stamp the sentence of Eternity."

L. H. SIGOURNEY.

#### CORRESPONDENTS.

Good and acceptable articles from "Marita," George W. Knapp, from "Yelverton," [this we regret did not arrive in time for this No.] "Carrie Weldin," "M," a letter from Adelgitha Russell, and several others are on file, and will appear soon.

A right warm welcome to HARRIET N. TORRY.

#### ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Emily Jacques; Ann H. Bulla; E. B. Coats; Dr. Wm. Bush; Mrs. Jane Frohock; Dr. Fox Birdsall; T. A. Brown; Lois K. Horton; R. D. Woodley; Emi B. Swank; Isaac Underwood; Celynda B. Grandy.

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THIS Institution, situated in an exceedingly healthy region, is surrounded with the most romantic and beautiful mountain scenery, and is unrivaled in its natural advantages. It is supplied with an abundance of the purest and softest water, and possesses every requisite for the successful prosecution of the

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Its conductors having had ample experience in the management of such institutions are determined to place New Lebanon in the first rank of Water Cures.

Their efforts will be directed to the curing of the sick, not to the maintenance of a fashionable boarding house.

Special attention will be paid to the treatment of diseases peculiar to women—a competent female physician having charge of this department.

Terms \$5 to \$12 per week.

Patients coming from the South and West, will take the Western Railroad at Albany to Canaan, and thence by stage, seven miles, to New Lebanon Springs.

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WM. S. BUSH & CO.

May 1st, 1855.

**D. C. BLOOMER,**  
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW  
AND LAND AGENT.

#### COUNCIL BLUFFS, IOWA.

WILL promptly attend to all legal business, entrusted to him in Western Iowa and Nebraska Territory. He will also give particular attention to the purchase and sale of lands, for farming purposes; and also of Town Lots, in Council Bluffs and other places in Iowa; and in Omaha City, Winter Quarters, Bellevue, and other towns in Nebraska Territory; the investigation of land titles, the payment of taxes for non-residents, the investment of money in real estate and all business connected with the Land Office in the district. Information in relation to the country, will be at all times freely communicated to persons addressing him on the subject, by letter or otherwise.

#### REFERENCES:

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Mr. B. will be in Council Bluffs early in April, and prepared to attend to all business that may be entrusted to him.

Dec. 15, 1854.

**EPHRAIM H. SANFORD,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
Notary Public, Real Estate, Life and Fire Insurance Agent. Collects Claims in the West,  
Office in the Post Office,  
NEW LONDON, O.